

# NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

For the Tribune.

"THERE'S MUSIC IN HEAVEN."

SOPHIE the dying sunbeams fell on every hill and glade, And, stealing through the wavy trees, they pierced a leafy shade.

Where stood a little fairy child—a gentle laughing girl—While in the pale mid-light was bathed each bright and clustering curl.

Long gazed she on the fairy scene, and on the purpled hills,

While to her ears came joyfully the music of the bells. Then lifted up her earnest gaze upon the calm blue sky,

"Till its deep azure seemed enshrouded within her dreamy eye.

But with a saddened brow she turned and sought her mother's side.

[sigh]

Who gazed upon her only child with holy love and

For bethus was now her merry laugh—her joyful mirth,

[for Earth,

And on her brow a thoughtful look, too pure, too high.

"It is very lonely here," she said, "since brother Wil-

li died;

[sigh]

I miss him by the sunny stream, and on the green hill-side,

Say, will he never come again to join me in my play,

And must I still be alone the livelong summer day?"

Oh no, we never more shall see again his fair young

brown,

But weep not for his spirit fled, he is an angel now!

A crown of glory lights his bower, and to his hand is given

A harp that breathes such melody as only lives in Heaven.

But through the deep and woody glen, and up the flow-

[erly lea,

There floated past a low sweet strain of witching melody.

'Twas wafted mid the creeping vines, and through the towering trees,

[ing breezes,

Then passed away and blended with the Summer even-

Wond'ring she stood with parted lip and beamin' upturned eye,

[the sky;

And thought that unseen spirit-forms were bending on

Then whispered, as the low strain died, amid the gray of even,

[Heaven,

\* \* \* Here his harp's low melody—there's music now in

E.A.R.

Breukens' Faculty Academy.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Am I heart's weary waiting—

Waiting for the May—

Waiting for the pleasant rambles,

Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,

With the woodbine alternating,

Am I heart's weary waiting—

Waiting for the May.

Am I heart's sick with longing,

Longing for the May—

Longing to escape from dreary,

To the bright and ruddy,

And the thousand charms belonging

To the Summer's day.

Am I heart's sick with longing,

Longing for the May—

Am I heart's own with sighing,

Sighing for the May—

Waiting for the May.

Am I heart's pain with throbbing,

Throbbing for the May—

Throbbing for the sea-side busses,

Or the water-worn windows—

Summer comes, yet dark and dreary

Life still sits away,

Man is ever weary, weary,

Waiting for the May?

D. F. M. C.

DRENCH FLOOR-FURNITISM.

The following is the manifesto of the extreme ultra-

lists of Paris:

**THE CENTRAL REPUBLICAN SOCIETY TO THE PROV-**

INIAL GOVERNMENT.

CITIZENS: Counter-revolution has not been born in the blood of the people. Ju. co. immediate justice, on the word of God.

For two months past the Royalist hordes of Rouen have been plotting in the dark a Saint Bartholomew's against the working classes. They had in a large supply of ammunition, and the authorities were well informed.

Word of death were here and there heard; the symptoms of the catastrophe. We must be done with those wreaths—wreaths, in fact, who, in February, after three days' resistance, compelled the bourgeoisie guard to make a retreat.

Citizens: the revolutionaries alone have been to blame for these wreaths—wreaths, in fact, who, in February, after three days' resistance, compelled the bourgeoisie guard to make a retreat.

These are the same bourgeois and the same victims—

On the one hand, the bourgeoisie impelling forward to carnage soldiers whom they have forced with wine and with hatred—on the other hand, unfortunate workmen falling defenceless under the balls and the bayonets of their masters.

As a last feature of resemblance, see arrive the Count Royalists—the judges of Louis Philippe—glowing like hyenas on the remnants of the massacre, and filling the prisons with 300 convicts. At the time of this iniquity, the Count Royalist, Procureur of the Court of Peers—then Laundremont who, with rage, demanded the head of the insurgents of May, 1838. The warrants of arrest passed as far as Paris, the patriots who fly from this Royalist precipitate.

Nothing has, however, been wanting to these scum of April—scoundrels, grape, nor bullet, nor horse, demoralized, nor state of seige, nor ferocity of soldiers, nor insults to the dead, nor wantonness to the living, nor the most abominable atrocity of fire! The Rue Royale has been surprised. To read the inhuman relations in those ruffians only one is carried back to those disastrous days which formerly covered France with shame.

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It is a Royalist terror which reigns at Rouen, citizens of April—whose eyes, when death is near, are dimmed and closely watched. The Municipal Magistrates have been dragged through the streets, beaten, and torn in tatters; they are in confinement by authority of the rebels! It is a royalist insurrection that has triumphed in the capital of Normandy; and it is very evident that this is the trend which will support these rebels! Is this treason or rebellion? Are you more door-guards, or are you accomplices?

Massacres have been committed and you allow the process of assassins to be gloriously related. Do you regard it as hangs done, that the blood of citizens is spilt in the streets? Do you consider it as a victory of the bourgeoisie over the workers? The Rue Royale has been surprised. To read the inhuman relations in those ruffians only one is carried back to those disastrous days which formerly covered France with shame.

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